

# THE LIGUORIAN

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## After The Snow

1. I gazed at the altar this morning,  
On a host as white as snow;  
Tho I saw what seemed all lifeless,  
My soul was glad and aglow.
2. I gaze on the mountains above me,  
I gaze on the valleys below,  
And I think of the heart of Summer  
That sleeps beneath the snow.
3. I gaze on the mountains and valleys,  
With the fruit of Winter spread—  
Where the heart of Summer that loved me  
Seems silent and cold and—dead.
4. And I think of the soul of sweetness  
That now seems still and dead,  
And yet I do not sorrow,  
Tho the birds and the blossoms are fled.
5. But the spirit that lives within me  
Is glad with the gladness it felt  
When still in the sheltering forests  
'Mid the perfume of flowers it knelt.
6. Ah me! Is the spirit within me  
False and inconstant as this,  
That still it should feel no sorrow  
When fled is the child of its bliss?
7. "Nay!" came the soft, clear answer,  
As the voice of an angel said:  
"The pledge of the past is not broken  
Nor the truth of affection dead.
8. "The heart that joys with the Winter  
Is true to the Summer still,  
For Nature is first a virgin,  
Then a mother upon the hill—
9. "As the bride must bring to the altar  
The innocence of truth  
Before she can mother the sweetness  
And the blush and the joy of youth."
10. I knelt as the words were spoken,  
I prayed when the angel was gone,  
And a light was kindled within me  
As gentle and true as the dawn.
11. And now as I gaze at the altar,  
On a host that is purer than snow,  
Tho I see what seems all lifeless  
I still am glad, for I know—
12. "I know that my Savior liveth,"  
That Life is throbbing below,  
And the Heart of Summer is pulsing  
Under the virgin snow.

—Henry Gerard Sandkuehler, C. Ss. R.

## FATHER TIM CASEY

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It had not been a day of unmixed joy for Father Casey. A flaw had been discovered in the contract for the new school; notice had been served by the Building Commission that the church would require expensive alterations in conformity with the latest city ordinance; he had learned that the insurance policy would expire before the end of the month; Mrs. Hicks had come, bathed in tears (the only evidence of bathing about her) to say that Rufe Hicks had once more broken his pledge; and, to crown all, he had been notified of the severance of diplomatic relations between the opposing factions of the Altar Society. Verily, it had not been a day of unmixed joy for Father Casey!

"At any rate, I can do nothing in regard to these matters until I am home from this motor ride, so what's the use of spoiling this pleasant hour thinking of them!" Thus soliloquizing, he settled back among the deep cushions of Mr. Murtaugh's Packard, and soon the rhythmic purring of the powerful engine, the prattle of the Murtaugh children, the soothing sights and sounds of the summer twilight, drove from his mind all thoughts of care and made him, for the moment, as much the happy child as little Agnes on her stool in the well of the car. The Murtaugh's were people of strong lively faith who felt the keenest pleasure in performing an act of kindness for their priest, yet even they were far from divining how much the overworked pastor's mind was soothed whenever he was able to accept their pressing invitation to accompany them in an evening ride.

"It was just such a night as this," said Father Casey, half turning from his place beside Mr. Murtaugh towards the story-hungry children in the rear seats; "We all stood leaning on the deck rail in silence long after the sun had set amid that golden splendor that I have seen nowhere except on or near the Mediterranean—"

Bang!!! Like the crack of a rifle it punctuated Father Casey's story. Mrs. Murtaugh whitened; Eileen screamed; and Bobby gave such a jump that his naughty big sister afterwards protested that he would have gone bodily through the automobile top if she had not held fast to his coat tail.

"Con—found it! A blowout in that new tire!" cried Mr. Murtaugh

in a rage, as he swerved to the side of the road and brought the car to a sudden stop.

"Aw papa, you have to go to confession after saying that bad word," pouted Agnes after the entire party had scrambled out into the dusty weeds and stood watching more fortunate motorists whiz by.

"Hush, child," expostulated the mother with an alarmed glance at the spot where her panting better half was frantically wrestling with wrenches and jackscrews. "Don't irritate papa."

"Agnes," said Father Casey, coming to the rescue to keep the children occupied, "When you go to Confession are you obliged to tell that you have used bad words?"

"O Father, I don't use bad words," cried the little miss in injured tone.

"Come, come, mademoiselle, I don't mean you. My question refers to people in general—to anybody—Bobby here for instance."

"Yes, Father," replied Agnes decidedly. "When Bobby goes to Confession he has to tell he used bad words. Yesterday, when the goat butted him he said [whisper]: 'Great Caesar and balls of fire!!!'"

"Not too fast now, Miss Agnes," said Father Casey. "Do you remember the answer to this question in the catechism: What sins are we bound to confess?"

"We are bound to confess all our mortal sins, but it is well to confess also our venial sins," sang out Agnes with mechanical precision.

"Correct!" declared Father Casey. "You know your catechism, why don't you apply it? Mortal sins are the only sins we are bound to confess. Not all bad words are mortal sins by any means. Therefore you were wrong, Miss Agnes, when you said we are bound to confess all the bad words we have used. Here Bobby, is one for you. Why is it that we are bound to confess only mortal sins and not venial sins?"

"Because God has given us other means for obtaining pardon of venial sins."

"That is the right answer. But here is a difficulty: are there not also other ways of obtaining pardon for mortal sins—An act of perfect contrition for instance?"

"Ye—yes," said Bobby, scratching his puzzled head.

"I will help you, my boy. Mortal sins can be forgiven outside of Confession only if we have an explicit or implicit intention of telling them in our next Confession; while venial sins can be forgiven outside

of Confession even if we have no intention whatsoever of confessing them. That is why we are bound to confess our mortal sins, but not our venial sins. Likewise, because, even though we die without having our venial sins forgiven we can be saved; but we shall be obliged to atone for them in purgatory. On the other hand if we die with a single unforgiven mortal sin on our souls we shall be sent to hell forever. But now, since we are not bound to confess our venial sins, why did Agnes say that it is good for us to do so, eh, Bobby?"

But Bobby had run over to his father to offer a suggestion for mending the damaged tire. Eileen, with ladylike politeness, essayed an answer.

"Because, Father, we are more sure of having them forgiven if we tell them in Confession."

"Yes, and because," added Father Casey, "it is sometimes hard for us to decide whether a certain sin is mortal or venial, and also because if we confess at least our more grievous or more frequent venial sins, the confessor will be able to advise us so that these venial sins do not lead us into mortal sins. But always remember, we are not bound to confess our venial sins, and therefore, even if we would keep them back on purpose it would not make our Confession bad. Here is another question from the catechism for Agnes: When is our Confession entire?"

"Our Confession is entire when we tell the number and kinds of our mortal sins together with the circumstances which change their nature."

"Suppose," continued Father Casey, "a boy confesses thus: I committed five sins against the fifth commandment. Would his Confession be entire?" This to Bobby who had returned from his father's side with an alacrity that showed that his suggestion had not been thankfully received.

"His Confession would not be entire, Father, because he did not tell the kind of his sins; there are several different kinds of sins against the fifth commandment."

"For instance?"

"Anger, hatred, murder, bodily injury, and—and—"

"Very well! Here is another boy that confesses: I hated several people. Is his Confession entire?"

"No, Father, because he did not tell the number of his mortal sins."



"Suppose he does not know the number?"

"Then," said Bobby, "he must tell it as near as he can."

"How can he do that? If he does not know the number, how can he come near it except by saying that he did the thing several times?"

"If he is not sure, but thinks he did it from eight to twelve times, he can say I did it about ten times, and that would be all right."

"Yes," answered the priest, "and if he could not even come that close to the number, he should at least try to say about how often in the month, week, or day, he had committed the sin. The priest would remember how long the boy said it was since his last confession and thus would have a fair idea as to how often the sin had been committed. Above all, when people say, I have committed this sin about ten times, they should make it clear to the confessor whether they mean ten times a week, ten times a month, or ten times altogether since their last confession. Now for another point; Agnes said we must tell not only the number and kind of our mortal sins, but also the circumstances which change their nature. What on earth does that mean? Does it mean that you must tell whether the weather was clear or foggy, whether you were wearing a pink dress or a blue one?" [This for the benefit of Eileen, who was taking an inventory of the garb of the occupants of machines that whizzed by with exasperating frequency.]

"No, Father, it doesn't mean that."

"Then what does it mean?"

"Father, I don't know."

"To tell the circumstances that change the nature of the sin, means to tell anything connected with the bad deed that makes it an altogether different sin. Here is an example: a thief comes to Confession and says, 'I stole twenty dollars on two different occasions.' Does he tell that mortal sin according to its kind and number?"

"Yes, Father."

"But now, suppose he broke into a church in order to steal that money. There is a circumstance that changes the nature of the sin and makes it a sacrilegious theft. Or again: a boy comes to Confession and says, 'I struck a man once'. But the man he struck was his own father, or a priest. Here is a circumstance that changes the nature of the sin, and therefore he is bound to mention that circumstance."

"Father," said Eileen, "I'm always worried for fear I may have left out some sin in Confession."

"Did you leave it out on purpose?"

"O no, Father! I would not do that, for I know that would be a fearful sacrilege, and none of my sins would be forgiven. But I am afraid I may have forgotten something."

"Well, suppose you did forget some mortal sin, wasn't it forgiven anyway in the Confession in which you forgot to tell it?"

"Ye—Yes, Father, I guess so."

"Of course it was," said Father Casey. "Then what are you worrying about? If you remember the sin, you must tell it the next time you go to Confession. If you never recall it again, you never have to confess it, and when you come to die you will go straight to heaven if that is the only obstacle. Neither are you obliged to go examining your past confessions to see if you did not perhaps forget some mortal sin or unintentionally confess it without giving the correct name, number, or circumstances."

"I see now that I am foolish to worry for fear I may have forgotten some mortal sin. But Father, why must I tell a forgotten sin if I remember it, the next time I go to Confession, since it is already forgiven?"

"You must tell it, not in order to have it forgiven, but because Christ has given us a strict command to tell all our mortal sins in Confession. In the same manner, if you make an act of perfect contrition, all your mortal sins are forgiven on the instant, but you still have the obligation of telling them the next time you go to Confession—not to have them forgiven, because they are forgiven already—but because Christ has commanded you to confess them."

"If I forget a mortal sin in my Confession Saturday night and think of it next morning, can I go to Communion, or must I first go to Confession?"

"If you had been paying as much attention to me as to how the women are dressed who are speeding by in these automobiles, you would not need to ask that question. I said: If you forget to confess a sin, all you need is to tell it in your next Confession. You may go to Communion a dozen times in the meantime if you wish—you need not go to Confession just to tell that sin. But whenever you do go to Confession you must tell. That's all."

"After all, Confession isn't so hard, if we only understand it rightly," said Mrs. Murtaugh with a sigh of relief.

"Indeed it is not," replied Father Casey. "Our Divine Saviour invented the sacrament of Confession to show His love and mercy, not to torture and torment us, as some scrupulous persons seem to believe."

A troubled expression was still visible on Eileen's face even through her automobile veil.

"Eileen, child, what's the matter?" queried the priest.

"Father, it always worries me to think about Confession. Last Sunday you preached about superstition and you told us what superstitious practices are mortal sins. Now I am sure I did some of these things when I was a little girl, and I never confessed them, because I did not know they were wrong. I dread the thought of going back so many years to examine my conscience regarding those actions."

"You don't have to confess those actions. How often have I told you that three things are required to constitute a mortal sin—serious matter, sufficient reflection, and full consent. You did not know you were doing wrong at the time, therefore you did not have sufficient reflection; therefore you did not commit a mortal sin. And since these actions were not mortal sins for you, you were not obliged to confess them. If you were to commit them again, now that you know that they are mortal sins, it would be quite a different story. I see your father is gathering up his tools. In a minute he will be telling us to 'pile in'. Don't forget what I have told you during the past twenty minutes: First, you are not bound to tell your venial sins in Confession, though it is highly commendable to do so. Even if you keep them back on purpose, it does not make your Confession bad. Secondly, you must tell all your mortal sins—you must tell their kind and number as nearly as you can and add any circumstances that change the nature of these sins. Thirdly, if you keep back a mortal sin on purpose, your Confession is bad; not a single one of your sins is forgiven, and furthermore, you commit a new sin, the horrible sin of sacrilege. But if you forget a mortal sin in Confession, it is nevertheless forgiven, and the only obligation you have is to tell it the next time you go to Confession if it comes to your mind. If it never comes to your mind again, you never need to worry about it. Fourthly, if you did something bad without knowing it was a mortal sin, you did not contract the guilt of mortal sin, and therefore you are not bound to con-

fess that action, even though, later in life, you learned that it was, in itself, seriously wrong—"

"Mamma," whispered Eileen, "did you notice that woman?"

"What woman? The one with the drab felt hat and embroidered scarf and pleated waist and soiled kid gloves? No, I didn't notice her. Why?"

"Well, may God forgive me for trying to tell anything serious to a woman while she has another woman's dress to look at," said Father Casey.

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

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### THE REALITY OF WORSHIP

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In one of our eastern towns there lived a widow so preoccupied in procuring life's little comforts that it was with a dull ear she listened to the religious discussions of the university students who gathered about her fireside. Steeled as her heart seemed to religious impressions, her woman instinct observed a relaxation of zeal on the evenings when her Catholic boarder was absent from the circle. The Catholic Church she dreaded. That dread was the only religious sentiment which she ever deeply felt, and she considered it her duty to preserve it. However as she gathered in the things of this world her heart became more responsive to the things of God. One night the discussion took a nasty turn, so nasty that the Catholic young man deemed it honorable to retire. A faint echo of what sounded in his heart reached the widow's and she resolved to inquire. Sunday evening was her leisure time. So the following Sunday she ordered her horse and carriage, but this Sunday she directed her coachman to the Catholic church. The place was filled, men were kneeling on the floor almost to the church door. She strutted in haughtily, hesitated a moment, then stopped: the rustle of her dress was an intrusion on the silence about her. Gazing down the aisle she saw the altar lighted with candles and a man turn toward the people with a large gold something in his hand. As he raised it the tinkle of a little bell was heard and every head as with one bow bent in adoration. Her reverie was broken by the voice of an old man saying: "Kneel down, that's God." Automatically she took her place with the worshippers.

Now when she returned home that evening, had she communicated her experience to the circle of students, they, fresh from their class

of psychology, would have pronounced it a neurotic affection. And what of the churchful of worshippers? Well! That is accounted for by the exchange of sensations between two nervous systems. They had put themselves in a kind of hypnotic state and the tinkling of a little bell suggested an attitude of prayer, of love, of adoration. When the widow later, as a Catholic, each morning bowed humbly to adore as the priest raised the consecrated Host at the elevation—when the echo in her heart still whispered: "There's God", are we to believe the materialism that tells us that she is still suffering from her nervous affection? Each Sunday morning at the parish Mass hundreds bow with her and if they do not hear the words: "That's God", they at least feel them as they come floating on the sound of the bell that announces God's coming. Again will we listen to the dictum of "modern science" that it is all an unreality, a chimera, a show, an affection of supersensitive nature overwrought by religious awe? It is quite true that these people came prepared to act as they did. They entered the pew determined to put aside every distracting thought, they take a predisposing posture of body, they rivet their eyes on one object, the altar, and follow each movement of the priest: suddenly a bell is sounded, all lean forward and from their hearts wells forth one great act of adoration. The comparison is trivial. Yet in what does their action differ from that of a thousand "fans" at a baseball game? There a thousand men gaze on a field with three of the home team "on the paths"—the last of the ninth and two out—what "fan" is conscious of his fellow "fan"? These we are told are hypnotized. In what does their action differ from that of the worshippers in the church? One is intensely devout, it is true, the other intensely frivolous, if you will, but absorption in what they do, the spontaneity of their action, is the same. Going to Mass is assumed as a duty, going to the game is indulged in as a relaxation—but the motive does not change the essential character of the physical act. Besides, when properly attended, there is as much relaxation succeeding upon a truly devout attendance at Mass as can be derived from a ball-game. Most people fail to feel exhilaration from their devotions chiefly because they do not understand them. No young man keeping company with a good sensible home-girl will take her to a ball-game and expect her to become highly animated at what to her may seem a spectacle. She understands but little of the game, and the most that can be expected is that she will

be American enough not to deem the whole thing ridiculous. The Italians, I am told, wonder how the students of the American College at Rome can find pleasure in throwing a hard ball at one another. So, too, because modern science does not, or will not, understand the mysteries of the altar it cannot understand the awe and reverence those mysteries inspire. Nor is it surprising that they try to explain the phenomena of worship by various psychological theories. Their task is made all the more seemly by the attitude of some "big Catholics" who cannot crowd farther into a church than the vestibule, and who cannot find it in their hearts to give to God a greater reverence than one bended knee on a silk handkerchief. These do not understand their privilege. They feel only tedium, not joy and exhilaration, because they need someone to remind them: "There's God". They do not join, except in a faint outward form, with the worshippers in the body of the church. They are, to borrow a word from so-called science, cases of "aprosy", that is, persons incapable of fixing their attention. They are the few of whom there is no doubt that they are not hypnotized.

I have heard a distinguished educationalist of our country more than insinuate from the platform that the audience which was held spellbound by a magnetic speaker was hypnotized; that the four thousand who rose with one yell at a critical moment in a foot-ball game were hypnotized; and I have little doubt, that were he to stand at the entrance of one of our churches in a large city and see it filled from four to eight times each Sunday by close to a thousand worshippers; were he to see at each Mass the same sense of reverence settle little by little into the solemnity of the Consecration he would say: "These too are hypnotized". But is not all this a rare confusion of things similar. The manifestations of hypnotism, or mesmerism, or magnetism or whatever else one wishes to style it, resemble, it may be, the deep all-engrossing reverence that comes over a congregation during Mass or Benediction—yet withal how different. Hypnotism is morbid. It is the so intense concentration of the external senses on a given point or object that the internal faculties, or more properly, senses, are left to the control of the operator. It consists almost essentially in the disassociation and disintegration of the faculties. Lethargy, catalepsy, and somnambulism cannot reasonably be called anything but morbid conditions how marvelous soever one may deem them. "Healthy and normal vitality consists in the progressive unification of the fac-

ulties, that is to say, in an ever increasing co-operation and harmony between their various activities, conditions, and habits". And this is precisely the religious attitude. It is not the suspending of the use of any faculty but rather the concentration of all the faculties. It is the nearest physically perfect act that man can perform. All his powers are acting in unison—not the senses merely but the whole man, body and soul, is absorbed. Such worship is no simple change of sensations between two nervous systems, one of which is disordered and overstrained. It is the effect of a deep faith dominated by a lively charity.

Unfortunately there are too many cases of "aprosy" at Holy Mass; too many incapable of fixing their attention on what they are doing. A great reason for this was pointed out one Sunday by an old pastor. He had spent thirty years with his people and knew them well. One Sunday, being more than usually annoyed during Mass by the knocking of rosaries on the pew backs, he drew inspiration for his sermon from the annoyance. Mounting the pulpit he reminded his people that rosaries were not rattlers, that they were made to pray on, that **by hitting them against the pews they would break them, scratch the pews, and do no one any good.** Besides the Beads were out of place at Mass. Your prayer-book is the proper thing, he said, to use when assisting at the Holy Sacrifice. Use less beads and more prayer-books at Mass and you will attend with devotion. Thirty years listening to the wails and woes of a congregation entitles one to speak.

Catholics attending Mass may be divided into three classes. Some know the mere essentials. They are devout at times, but for them Mass is long and tedious. Others use their prayer-book and read by preference the Ordinary of the Mass and thus say most of the prayers with the priest. Others use the English Missal and thus follow the Mass season by season, week by week, and pray with the priest the sublime prayers of Holy Church. They not only follow the actions of the priest at the altar but realize the great Sacrifice that is being enacted and unite themselves with the sacrificing priest who is "Another Christ".

T. F. KENNY, C. Ss. R.

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It is getting about time for somebody to say that the opposition against the shipment of munitions to Europe is a Popish plot to keep the guns and ammunition in this country for storage in the basements of Catholic churches.



## THE TWO BUILDERS

ST. MATTHEW, VII 24-27.

How plain and simple are His words! No flowery verbiage, no ponderous phrases. The truth of His words seems to flash on our minds with all the irresistible force of evidence. Nevertheless there is an earnestness breathing in them that seems to warn against some great evil foreseen. He seems to warn us not to misunderstand His words, not to erase His law by a comfortable explanation, not to weaken its binding force by an explanation that panders to baser instincts.

He has just reminded us that we should enter in at the narrow gate. He put us on our guard against the wide gate and broad road that lead to destruction. He warns against the false prophets who would make His law a mockery by blurring its precepts and dissolving its binding force. These false prophets deserve the woes pronounced on their forerunners of old: "Wo to them that sew cushions under every elbow, and make pillows for the heads of persons of every age to catch souls." It is their object to win men by feathering a soft bed without any commandments; and lull them to sleep by crooning their ditties of imperturbable trust. In His sermon on the Mount Our Lord has just formulated the code of laws that holds in His kingdom. That should be enough. And yet he adds these verses now to insure against all misunderstanding. There are two sentences. In each there is a subject and predicate; and in each predicate an adjective with a comparison to explain it. Let us see.

*The subjects of the sentences.* Our Lord describes two classes of persons. The first: "Everyone that heareth these my words and doth them". The other class: "Everyone that heareth these my words and doth them not". Both classes agree in this that they hear these His words; but they differ in this that the former also do them; the latter, however, find a way of dispensing with their observance. Again it is easy to see where Our Lord lays most stress. It is just on this latter point of doing all He says or remaining inactive. You imagine: why that is clear. Yes; but then Our Lord insists on good works; for we cannot do all His words without performing all sorts of good works. Just there is the rub. What was the battle-cry of the Reformation? "Justification and salvation by faith alone!"

The necessity of good works was disclaimed. Luther taught that all is free to man; that there is no obligation to any work or deed; and when confronted with the law of Christ he evaded its burden by the simple shift: that faith is the only work commanded. At most, he admits that faith will prompt some good works; but denies that justification and salvation will depend on them. Dr. Justus Jonas in his funeral oration held on the occasion of Luther's death, claims to have found this note in his prayerbook: "In Mt. XIX, 17, it is written: Wouldst thou enter into life, then keep the commandments of God; that is: die . . . . Then asserts: "this passage well explained." George Major, a professor of Wittenberg, was anxious to offer an incentive to the perform-



ance of good works and began to insist that good works were necessary to salvation. But the assembly of Lutheran divines in a convent near Magdeburg declared in 1577: "Good works should not be introduced into the affair of justification and salvation. Therefore this proposition must be rejected: The good works of pious men are necessary unto salvation." Had our Catholic Church in council assembled ever made such a statement and such denial, how the world would have howled! But no, the Catholic church was ever the champion of staunch morality and braved the wrath of ages in its defence. And does her teaching not square with the words of Our Lord? Does Our Lord not insist on good works? See. *To do His word*, does that mean that we must merely believe Him? Of course we must believe Him. But our very faith convinces us that we must do more besides. Just glance at one of the preceding verses: "Not everyone that saith to me: Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doth the will of my Father, who is in heaven, he shall enter into the kingdom of heaven" (VII, 21). Here we have the contrast between the words of exclamation: Lord, Lord; and the work of doing His Father's will. Both are now on the scales of divine justice: the words presupposing faith, and the works according to God's will. And with what result? The words alone with the faith implied in them, are found wanting. Only the works dictated by faith and performed with loving submission are found full and win admission to the kingdom. So in this passage of which we are speaking Our Lord surely means work and deed, not inactive faith. But the work may be *the work of faith alone*? Ah, no! He does not simply say: Do my word! But he is distinct: "Every one that heareth these my words." And repeats it in both cases. Now what are "these" words? He evidently alludes to the entire sermon on the Mount. Surely this cannot be trimmed down to the one solitary act of faith or trust. The eight Beatitudes—do they not propose a good deal more than a simple act of faith? He recalls and perfects the law of Moses: the fifth commandment, and the sixth, and the second and the eighth. Is that faith alone? But we may wonder: Is this only advice, which we are free to follow; or *is it a law that binds perforce*? If we abide by His words, all is clear; for He expressly calls them commandments in chapter V, 19: "these least commandments." He makes His intention clear by comparing Himself with Moses, and His law with that of Moses. He assures us that He came not to destroy the Law or the Prophets, but to fulfill. How often does He repeat the contrast: "It was said to them of old . . . . But I say to you." Surely he is making a stringent law when He enforces it with such a sanction: if we keep that word of His we shall gain admittance to His kingdom; but if we break it, then we shall be excluded. Turn back to Mt. XIX, 17, and we meet the scene in which the rich young man asks: "Good Master, what good shall I do, that I may have life everlasting?" And what was Our Lord's answer? Did He say: Oh, just believe and trust that you are to be saved and you will surely be saved? No, here are His words: "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." Then he details them again: the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, and fourth. From this we know what Our Lord means by doing His words and not doing them. Now what does he say about both classes of men?

*The Predicate.* Everyone that hears and does His words "shall be likened to a wise man." And every one that heareth these my words and doth them not, shall be like a foolish man." These words are clear. They are serious. Our Lord once spoke of the wise and foolish virgins: some were admitted to the joys of the marriage-feast while the others were cast out into the night of grief.

He that hears and does is truly wise; for he is the good and faithful servant that hears his master's commands and obeys; he bows in submission before the majesty of his Lord and God and proves his devotion by his works. He that hears and does them not is foolish. Would God in His wisdom plant the

human race upon our earth and shower His blessing on men that they might increase and fill the earth, and yet not prohibit such deeds as would wreck His work? Would God in His goodness and fatherly care for the welfare of His children on earth not forbid the acts that bring woe and misery on them? Would God in His justice not see their rights respected, and His own? Law brings the glory of God with our bliss. But it can do so only when seconded by our works. We know the attitude of the Catholic church on this point and realize again that she is loyal and true to her Saviour. But Our Lord goes on to illustrate the wisdom and folly of both parties.

*A Comparison.* "The rain fell, and the floods came, and the winds blew and they beat upon that house." In the one case the house stood firm for it was built upon a rock. In the other, it fell, and great was the fall thereof. A traveller in the Sinaitic peninsula gives this description of the storms that visit those regions.

"While on the one hand, the fact that every little spring, or pool, or streamlet has a name, and is as well known to each Arab in the district as the broadest valley or the highest mountain, is a clear proof of the scarcity of water; on the other hand, such names as Djebel el Ghurgan, the mountain of the drowned, Wady Umm Seilat, the valley of the torrents, Wady Bugiyeh, the valley through which the water rushes with the sound of a trumpet, tell just as plainly of the rain storms and their devastating floods. The 'seils' are very local and usually extend to but small areas. They are also uncommon, hence they do not much affect the general annual rainfall . . . . Their effects in the valleys and deep mountain gorges are, however, very serious, and sometimes disastrous, and often extend for many miles. Falling in almost tropical abundance on the rocky peaks and hillsides, the rain rushes down from them as from a slated roof, with scarcely diminished volume, into the highly inclined valleys below, and soon form a boiling torrent, which hurries at frightful speed along the nearest path towards the sea, gathering mass and impetus at every mile, sweeping away all obstacles, and laying waste the surface of the country. This lasts for a few hours only, after which the weather clears, the floods cease as suddenly as they began, and soon nothing is left to tell of them, but the havoc they have wrought in the valley-beds, and the few pools which linger for a short time in the rocky hollows. Though signs of the rush of water are visible in nearly every desert wady, it is in the gorges with which the hill regions abound, in which the waters, limited here to a narrow channel, rise at flood-tide to heights of ten, twenty, and even thirty feet, that the effects of these 'seils' are most apparent. 'When a seil comes,' say the Bedawin, 'it is not the river, it is the sea.' From this account of the phenomena of the 'seils' it will be seen what good reason the Bedawin have to dread them. So constant indeed is their apprehension that, even in the finest weather, they can seldom be induced to encamp in the actual bed of a wady. Clear though it be above their heads, they know that in the mountains far off there is menace of impending danger. A rainstorm may burst over the head of the wady miles away, and the first notice they may have of it, will be the headlong wave of water, certain to sweep them to sudden destruction if they are caught by it in the channel of the wady." Similar scenes must have occurred in the country that now lay before Our Saviour's eyes. Perhaps He thought of the Kishon whose river-bed wound through the valley nearby. In summer season it was only a series of pools and marshes. But when a storm broke over it, the waters rushed down from the surrounding hills and sent a wild and foaming torrent rushing madly to the sea. Such a storm brought victory to the army of Israel in the days of Deborah and Barak as recorded in the book of Judges V, 20. The prophets and Psalms and Job often allude to storms as emblems of God's anger. We read in Ezekiel XIII, 13: "Therefore thus saith the Lord God: Lo, I will cause a stormy wind to break forth in my indignation, and there shall be an overflowing shower in my anger; and great hailstones in my wrath to consume. And I will break

down the wall that you have daubed with untempered mortar . . . and it shall fall and you shall be consumed in the midst thereof." No wonder men like to build their homes on the hillside where the naked rock raises it above the reach of the flood. But when they must build in the valley, it is easy to see how careful they must be to select a favorable site and sink the foundation deep till it rest on rockbottom. To build one's home on the sand would be to welcome disaster.

*The lesson given.* Our Lord has compared two houses and the effect of a storm on them. We know what He meant by the two houses: namely, the conduct of the man that hears His word and does it, and the conduct of the man who hears His word and will not do it. He that hears and does the words of Our Lord builds up a temple to God, a temple grounded on the rock of works; reared by the virtues which Our Lord desires and commands, glistening in all the splendors of grace well employed. He that hears His word and does it not, also builds a house; but builds it on the sand. The sand does not mean complete inaction for man cannot exist as stone or mineral deposit in downright inertia. He must act and work and if he does not act and work according to the commands of Our Lord, what will he make the law of his life? "For all that is in the world, is the concupiscence of the flesh, and the concupiscence of the eyes, and the pride of life" (I St. John, II, 16). And when the storm comes how will the buildings fare?

It is not merely a storm of ill-weather; for this bears down equally on good and bad. But Our Lord refers to a storm that is sensitive to works of His law and distinguishes their absence; a storm that sifts the good works from the bad. It is the stormwind of God's Justice. Whether it come in life or at death—but come, it surely will. He has just been speaking of it in the preceding verses 21-23. And our passage is only an inference of that scene and so it began with the word: "therefore." There we saw that faith even though it prompt us to bear his name on our lips, even though we had faith enough to work miracles, will not enable us to pass muster before the Judge of heaven and earth; no, we need the works that accomplish His Father's will and must avoid all works of iniquity. The test of that storm is again recalled by Our Lord in this same Gospel of St. Matthew, XVII, 27: "For the Son of Man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels, and then shall he render to every man according to his works." And if we turn over a little further on, we come across the tremendous passage in XXV, 35-45, where the sifting of God's judgment is unfolded before our eyes. There those who performed good works find the building of their lives approved; while those who neglected good works find that their lifework was spent in building on the sand. A while the world may have applauded their conduct, worldly success may have seconded all their efforts; but now a storm is blowing that will wreck and scatter all and great will be the fall thereof.

*A remark.* But then, do we not read and hear so much about the liberty and freedom of the children of God? Does that not prove that we are free from all law now? By no means. Even children of earthly parents are still subject to a fourth commandment; and so the

children of a heavenly Father must recognize His commandments. Nay, the deeper is their love the more intense and accurate should be their obedience. Our Lord Himself gives a similar explanation: "If you love me, keep my commandments". A little further down: "He that hath my commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me" (St. John, XIV, 14-24).

So did the Apostles understand it. St. James knew of this "perfect law of liberty", as he calls it (I, 25). And yet he urges: "But be ye doers of the word and not hearers only." Then he goes on to prove his proposition at length by arguments from Holy Writ and common sense. But Luther will not accept this evidence! And by what right? Was it the apostolic dignity, which he despised? Hardly. Was it the doctrine itself, which he found unpalatable? That is certainly a poor argument. For St. Paul himself does not differ from St. James. We remember how St. Paul appeals to the apostles in Jerusalem as proof that his Gospel is genuine. And who are the apostles whose approval he boasts? They are Sts. Peter, James and John. Besides St. Paul surely agrees with St. Luke for this was his constant companion; and nearly all students admit that the Gospel of St. Luke is written in the spirit of St. Paul. Now in the gospel of St. Luke, chapter VI, vv. 47-49, we have the selfsame passage explained above as taken from St. Matthew. Then open the epistle of St. Paul to the Romans and we light upon the words: "For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified" (II, 13). He also knows of that storm of judgment that will test our conduct: "The day of wrath and revelation of the just judgment of God who will render to every man according to his works." St. Paul is perhaps the most ardent champion of good works. "Neither yield ye your members as instruments of iniquity unto sin; but present yourselves to God as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of justice unto God" (VI, 13). Here just as sin was not a sin only by lack of faith; so the justice demanded is not merely a justice by faith alone; outward works are required. How often does he not call us servants of God; how often does he not compare us to soldiers of God! Surely these comparisons demand an obedience that goes further than mere inward faith or trust. This theory of justification by faith alone was regarded as the principle by which "the church must stand or fall". Already in 1861 Dollinger could enumerate about 40 Protestant theologians who had abandoned this theory.

JOHN ZELLER, C. SS. R.

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## THE INSPECTORS

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### I.

Father Northcliffe was evidently in a troubled state of mind. He strode back and forth in his study on a beautiful dove-colored Axminster, his list Christmas present from the Sanctuary Society, and there was a deep furrow between his eyes. Fact is, this same furrow, by a right of prescription, had become a permanent fixture, and somewhat marred an otherwise placid brow. But there was a reason, and the reason had persevered for some time. The State Legislature was in session, and a bill had been introduced by a Guardian of Liberty called "The Convent Inspection Bill". Mr. Whitehead, a thirty-third

degree man, had introduced the bill, and after having been amended several times it was now, under a changed name, "Institutional Inspection Bill," on its last passage. Some ringing speeches had been made pro and con, but when the microbe of bigotry once gets in the blood, like smallpox, it has to run its course, it seems, and all signs pointed to the speedy passage of the bill. Father Northcliffe was of English descent and it goaded him to think that in a country boasting its democracy one of the very fundamental principles of freedom should be so grossly violated. To the English mind, "every man's home is his castle," "and I would like to know," Father Northcliffe would exclaim warmly, when arguing the point, "if the convent, or hospital, or academy, is not the home of those who choose to live there? What right has any man or bunch of men to violate the privacy of my home, day or night? It's an unspeakable outrage. And very likely if the bill passes it will be a boomerang. 'It all depends,' you know, 'on whose ox is gored'."

So this fine May morning Father Northcliffe was nervously pacing too and fro, hoping against hope, yet expecting the worst. There was a loud ring at the door bell. Presently Father Northcliffe recognized the voice of William Cummings, one of his committee men, as Anne, the housekeeper, opened the door.

"Come up here, Cummings," called Father Northcliffe. "Have you any news?" "Yes, Father," replied the man, "bad news, I'm sorry to say." "Well, I expected as much. Out with it." "The bill passed by an overwhelming majority, 261 to 25. There's nothing now except the Governor's signature wanting. It will be a law by next autumn. The Governor is a bigot, like the rest. God forgive me, I voted for him last fall."

"I did, too," said Father Northcliffe lugubriously. "In fact, I voted for several who helped pass this outrageous bill. Errando dis-cimus. It's a long lane that has no turning."

The priest and Cummings sat for a long time discussing the probable outcome of the whole affair. "O," said Cummings at last, "it'll soon blow over and be forgotten. They'll never try to enforce it." "Don't be so sure of that," replied the priest. "There will surely, some place and some time, be found a man, or several men, mean enough to cause trouble to the poor sisters, nosing around their establishments."

"Well, if it happens at all, there's no place in the State where it will

more likely happen than right here. We have the A. P. A.'s, and they're mean enough for anything. And we have the academy right there on the hill. It's like waving a red flag in the face of a mad bull all the time. Why, only a few nights ago they poisoned the Sisters' dog."

"You don't say," murmured the priest, "the scoundrels."

## II.

Mother Juliet of St. Margareta's Academy was as busy as any woman could be. In fact, the whole establishment was a veritable beehive this crisp September day, for the pupils were coming in in groups from every passing train. The vacation was over, and work-time was beginning. Everything pointed to a most prosperous year. Nearly all the old pupils were returning and there was a great stack of letters on Mother Juliet's desk, applications from the parents of new pupils. The academy this year would be taxed to its fullest capacity. Academies are something like street cars—there's always room for one more. "Move up, please," is often heard in these classic halls, and no applicant will be turned down, not even if the Sisters themselves have to double up. Throughout the large, handsome building and the well-kept grounds that gentle excitement prevailed which always attends "coming back." There was a buzz of conversation throughout the building, and the patter of children's feet. On the grounds you could see little groups of eager girls exchanging greetings and here and there a pair of chums, separated for vacation, now reunited, stealing away among the shrubbery, looking for a cozy corner in which to exchange confidences and tell their vacation experiences. Then the great convent van with its piles of trunks, creaking its way to the elevator, where strong hands, more considerate than the railroad baggage smashers, with many thumps and bumps, hoisted them into the dormitories and private suites, to disgorge their treasures later on.

O, it was a busy scene, and Mother Juliet, with her first assistant, Sister Amelia, had their hands full, greeting this one, taking charge of the new girls, entertaining the parents of some, who had come along to see their darlings safely housed from harm; when suddenly the Sister porter appeared with a card between her fingers and an alarmed look in her eyes. Mother Juliet slowly read the card, then silently handed it to Sister Amelia. "Of all days to come for a convent inspection!" she said, "when we're so busy and everything so tossed up." "Some of



those wretched A. P. A.'s," ejaculated Sister Amelia bitterly. The card read thus: "Sheriff Brandy, with a committee of four citizens, according to a recent law now on the statute books, desires to inspect the premises at once."

"What kind of looking men are they, Sister?" said Mother Juliet. "Quite respectable looking. The one who seems to be the leader has a long black beard and little, restless black eyes like a rat." "That must be the Sheriff," said Mother Juliet. "Say to them, please, that I will be down at once."

Mother Juliet and Sister Amelia, who belonged to the "fighting race," were soon ready to accompany the "inspectors" over the building. It spread like wild fire through the place that the A. P. A.'s had come to inspect the convent, and many were the muttered expressions of indignation. I might say with perfect truth that some of the expressions were not muttered. They were explicit enough, as was befitting the dignity of native-born Americans.

As Mother Juliet and her companion entered the parlor the five men arose, and the dapper little gentleman with the hirsute appendage, who really was the Sheriff, in a kind of a nervous voice began: "I regret, madam, that we have the painful duty imposed upon us of inspecting your establishment, but the law allows us no choice. If twenty citizens demand an inspection the Sheriff must comply."

"O, don't mention it," said Mother Juliet. "I'm sure you are very welcome. We often take parties through the building. I'm only sorry that you regard it as a painful duty, for we look upon it as a great honor to have the Sheriff visit us." The committee looked at one another a little non-plussed. They expected something different. This polite compliance completely knocked them off their feet. "But, don't forget, madam," interposed a short, pudgy looking little fellow with a wide mouth and flat nose, and somewhat tight-looking girth, "that we are here not only to visit, but to inspect. We want to see everything." "So you shall," said the Mother. "Let us start at once, then, and begin at the top." So saying Mother Juliet led the way to the elevator, followed by a quintet of rather cheap looking individuals, who were obliged to run the gauntlet of a great many pairs of indignant eyes, as quite a large crowd of children and guests had collected outside the parlor door in the wide, lofty corridor through which the "inspectors" were obliged to pass.

Once in the elevator they shot up to the top floor in no time, and, ushering them into a long, wide, well-lighted room, Mother Juliet explained: "This, gentlemen, is the junior dormitory. As you see, there are four roomy fire escapes. But we have the danger from fire reduced to a minimum, as we have two Sisters constantly on watch all night. We will now descend to the next floor." This floor, consisting of suites of rooms for the two highest classes, excited some admiration. Mr. Broadhead, the little pudgy man, thought the rooms "very nice and tasty," and even asked Mother Juliet "what were the terms of tuition." When they reached the third floor Mother Juliet explained that "the Sisters themselves occupied the greater part of this floor." "Here," she said, flinging open a door, "is a dormitory where a number of the teachers sleep. On the other side of the corridor there are private rooms occupied by the elderly members of the community. "Let's see 'em," exploded a heavy-set man in a short coat, with a rather alcoholic face like an underdone roast.

"But no gentleman," said Sister Amelia, "would intrude upon the privacy of a lady's apartment." "That's what we came for, to see things," said beef face. "Very well," said Mother Juliet, throwing open the door. The party walked in, nearly filling the room, which had one window overlooking the garden. An enameled iron bedstead with a snowy white counterpane, two chairs, a neat table with a book shelf and several books, some very pretty holy pictures hanging on the walls, constituted the contents of the room.

"What's in that closet?" said the Sheriff. "Just a few articles of clothing," replied Mother Juliet. When the closet door swung open the quintet strained their necks like monkeys, but there was little to be seen. "What's in that package?" said pudgy. "Perhaps it's some kind of an explosive," maliciously remarked Sister Amelia. "Rev. Mother, better leave the door open so that these gentlemen will have room to run." The mysterious package was brought forth and laid on the table, while all the "inspectors" crowded around it. Mother Juliet untied the string that bound it and tore away the wrapper. A second wrapper was revealed. "The mystery deepens," said Sister Amelia. Mother Juliet began on the second wrapper. Pudgy and beef-face drew a little closer. The Sheriff's little rat eyes were fixed upon the package. Mother Juliet tore away the wrapper and lo! there lay revealed—a pair of old shoes which had been pitched in the closet against the day when



they could be sent to the cobbler. Sister Amelia emitted a little laugh; the inspectors looked disappointed and foolish.

### III.

This same day Mr. Cummings had sent his trusty man, Patrick Flannagan, with a companion, to do some work on the water pipes in the basement of the academy. After the inspectors had gone through the kitchen and refectory and laundry, there still remained several large basement rooms. "Here," said Sister Amelia, with a twinkle in her eye, "we keep our guns," as they walked into the basement room where Pat Flannagan was at work on the large four-inch water pipe. When he heard the inspectors coming Pat had whispered something to his companion, who disappeared from view. When the quintet arrived Pat, with his hands and face begrimed and holding his plumber's torch aloft as he peered at the vistsors, presented a hideous appearance.

"Good morning," Mr. Sheriff," said Pat. "How are yez?" "Hello, Pat," said pudgy. "I jist finished me job, Sister," said Flannagan, "und I jist sint Tom to turn on the wather." The Sheriff, stroking his silky beard stood just in front of Pat, who was working at the brass cap on the water pipe. The other inspectors stood grouped close together, looking intently at Pat and the water pipe. The Sisters stood several feet away to the side. 'Twas a strange looking tableaux, lit only by the dim light from a window some distance away and the fitful glare of Pat's torch. "Turn her on, Tom," cried Pat. There was a distinct gurgle of water in the large pipe, then a sudden explosion. The brass cap flew out and a four-inch stream of dirty yellow water, like a shell from the Kaiser's gun, struck the Sheriff full in the breast, knocking him flat on his back. There was a scramble of the inspectors like rats when a cat appears, but not before they were thoroughly drenched.

"Turn her off, Tom," yelled Pat, as he turned with a thousand apologies and explanations to the disgusted inspectors. Mother Juliet, too, was greatly distressed, but Sister Amelia said nothing, only smiled.

The last the Sisters saw of the inspectors they were slouching single file down the street, dripping at every pore. The story soon got abroad and the quintet became the laughing stock of the county. Pudgy and beef-face sold out and left for distant parts. The rest braved it out, but the Sheriff at the next election was ignominiously defeated.

W. T. BOND, C. Ss. R.

## IN THE DREGS OF THE CUP

William Lawrence was the son of old John Lawrence, bridge builder and general contractor of Brockton, —. Will's mother had died when he was still a child, so he knew but little the depths of a mother's love. His father was well circumstanced and had planned, when his son was come to man's estate, to entrust the business into his hands. For this purpose old John had sent his son to college, where, after three years of ambitious drudgery, he had acquired that knowledge which would fit him to meet his father's expectations. He came home and his father immediately initiated him into the business. In a short time affairs took on a briskness that showed plainly there was new blood in the firm. Old-time methods gave way to new, and soon the name of "Lawrence & Son" stood for the most thriving and reliable house in the Middle West.

Old John recognized the abilities of his son. He felt the years creeping upon him. His hair was frosted from the winters of life and the mind that had once been so elastic had grown sluggish; it no longer had the snap and vigor of younger days. Gradually it dawned on him that the time had come for him to step down from his desk to relinquish the place to Will.

One evening old John was seated in his library before a big pile of plans. Here was one of the biggest contracts he had ever bid on. He took up his pen and filled sheet after sheet with long columns of figures. To one who had known him as a young man it would have been evident that it was difficult for him to grasp the things that had once upon a time been child's-play to him.

"I don't think we can take that contract," he said to himself as he pushed aside the bundle of papers. "The risk is too great." He touched a little bell on his desk. Immediately a servant appeared and stood all attention. "Francis, is William in his room?"

"I think so, sir," replied that worthy suavely.

"Tell him I wish to see him," said old John turning to his papers.

"Yes, sir," bowed Francis, withdrawing as noiselessly as he had come.

Shortly afterwards Will entered his father's library. He was a handsome fellow of medium height, well proportioned. The broad forehead was half hidden by the dark hair that drooped carelessly

over it. Two keen, black eyes indexed an active mind, while the square set of his jaws told of a firmness that boded ill to obstacles.

"Good evening, William," his father said cheerily as he entered; "are you going anywhere this evening?"

"No, father; I was passing the time in reading."

"Good! Sit down for a moment." Will threw himself into a big easy chair, while his father continued. "Have you given any thought to that big depot the 'M. & W.' are going to put up?"

"Yes," replied Will; "its a big undertaking, but I think we can manage it."

"Well, I've been figuring it out," went on his father. "I got hold of some inside news today that the B. & L. Company are out for the job. I don't see how we can outbid them."

"Did you hear their offer?" questioned Will.

"Yes; Simmons told me they could put it up with a big profit at \$200,000."

"Phew!" echoed Will. "They must be out for a 'Charity Bazaar'. Why, father, the material alone will come close to that sum. They can never put it up at that price!"

"The very conclusion I've come to," said his father. "What do you make of it?"

"It sounds suspicious," answered Will as he bit the end from a cigar and lighted it. "I've had my ears open wide for the past two months, and, from what I can gather, the B. & L. Co. are in pretty tight straits: they are on their last legs. I tell you what, father, I think this a neat little scheme. You know they have a grudge against us since we underbid them in that big reservoir deal. We are a kind of thorn-bush in their path, and they don't relish the idea of brushing against it. There is a lurking suspicion among business men that they are not exactly as straight as a string. I'll wager anything they paid Simmons a pretty price for giving you that 'inside news' about the \$200,000. If they get us bidding below that figure they know it means ruin for us; and ruin for us spells success for them."

During this little disclosure Old John's eyes were sparkling with admiration for his son. This explanation put things in a new light and convinced him more than ever that he was not competent to pit his brains against such people as the B. & L. Co.

"William this business is getting beyond my control. I know it

now. If it had not been for you, in all likelihood I would have walked blindly into this snare. Yes! yes! it is becoming too much for me." he said, shaking his grey head. "My day has come and gone, and you must begin where I leave off. I give you full liberty to act in this matter as you like. I can trust you."

This avowal was no surprise to Will. He had long noted the growing feebleness of his father, and he knew that the day was not far distant when the business would be entirely entrusted into his own hands. Will rose to go. He had reached the door when his father called to him.

"There is one thing more about which I wish to speak to you, Will. It's about your club. I happened to stroll into it one evening last week. To tell the truth I did not like the way some of those young fellows were conducting themselves. There was too much opening of wine-bottles to suit me." Will looked down at the carpet, seeming to grow slightly nervous. His father noticed it; continuing he said: "Mind, I do not mean to say I suspect you of tippling, still, I have some fear that such associates may do harm to you, and I consider it my duty to warn you."

"Father, you need have no fears on that score," said Will, adding in a tone of wounded pride, "I think I'm old enough to watch out for such snares."

Old John saw that his son took this advice rather lightly, so he rejoined: "Don't be overconfident, boy. Better men than you have fallen through the wiles of the 'cup'. You cannot fight against it single-handed: you must seek your strength in Heaven. You have never felt a mother's care, and the man who has not felt that has missed one-half the sweetness of life. If the worst should ever come, remember, you have been warned by one who has made it his chiefest object in life to be father and mother to you."

Will returned to his room and tried to read, but the warning his father had given him had upset his mind. As he sat there in his room, he realized that he had, in truth, grown quite fond of wine, yet he was confident that he could rely on his will power to keep it from getting the upper hand on him.

Old Mr. Lawrence remained late into the night in his library trying to peer into the future, but it was dark and uncertain. If he had only known—it would have brought his grey head in sorrow to the grave.

## II.

Our story now makes a leap of ten years. Many changes had come upon Will since the interview we have recorded with his father. Old John Lawrence had passed away six months after he had given the business over into the hands of his son, and Will had got married a year later to Louise Graham. They had been friends at school to-ing on a bright June morning in one of the grandest weddings ever gether. As the years went by their friendship ripened into love, end-solemnized in the Cathedral of Brockton.

Louise was a shy little thing with golden hair and eyes as blue as a summer sky. How she trembled as she walked to the altar, leaning confidently on Will's arm, and saw the old Cathedral filled with the fashionable people of the city! The scent of roses and carnations mingled with soft, pulching strains of the organ; the altar was aglow with a myriad of twinkling candles, and, when the priest came down from the altar and heard from them those solemn words that made them one, her heart was all aflutter. All she saw was Will, her idol, and when he took her hand in his she felt that she could trust her life to him forever.

After the honeymoon Will meant her to move in the highest society, but at this her shyness took fright and she pleaded against it so earnestly and he loved her so strongly that at last he led his June bride to a quiet, yet fashionable cottage in the suburbs. Then came a tiny angel from Paradise, and the hearts of Will and Louise were bound fast in the heart of little baby Agnes. There was only one sorrow to weigh upon the parents and this arose from the fact that their little daughter was a cripple. Will had done everything within the power of money to obtain a cure, but every specialist told him, 'she must remain a cripple for life'.

She was a beautiful child, pure as the primrose kissed by the summer breeze. The house rang with the ripples of her laughter and the lisping accents of her baby prattle. In the evening time when Louise sat at the piano, Agnes would stand at her side leaning on her little crutch and sing, in a voice that seemed the far-away echoes of Paradise, the songs her mother had taught her. As her father sat listening the tears would come into his eyes. Then would she limp over to him and, climbing into his lap, would brush them away with her golden curls, asking him why he was crying; and he, answering, would tell

her it was because he was so happy that God had sent him a little angel from heaven. At this she would laugh, throwing her slender arms about his neck, kissing him and fondly telling him she would sing once more so that he could be happy again.

Thus their lives glided happily on till Agnes was eight years old. Will's business had grown to huge proportions. Everywhere he was looked upon as a man among men, loved and respected by all. He still frequented his club, and, as at all such clubs, there was wine in abundance. True, he was not a lover of wine, yet he saw that it was a habit easily acquired amid such surroundings. His club-mates regarded him as a very abstemious drinker, still, in the opinion of such men, the word 'abstemious' had a far wider significance than that allowed by lexicographers. Never, even when jollity was at its height, had he taken more than was good for him. In the beginning a few glasses sufficed to quiet his thirst, but now it took double the amount. The Serpert of wine was slowly but surely twining itself about his heart, and day by day its sinuous, deadly coils were binding him in ignoble slavery—he perceived it not.

In February, 188—, Will undertook to build a massive steel bridge across the Missouri River for the W. & W. Ry. Co. It was a colossal undertaking and taxed all the energies and resources of the young contractor. Undaunted he went ahead, disregarding the gloomy views other contractors expressed on the matter. He doubled his forces and remained for days at a time at the site superintending the work of construction. At the end of April the big bridge, like a huge spider's web, had crept out to mid-stream. From the shore Will viewed it with satisfaction, wondering what men would say when the mighty stream was spanned. Then came the crash for "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee". Inky clouds began to marshall themselves in the northern sky. Long blinding chains of lightning leaped here and there like huge snakes writhing in a fire. The wind howled through the trees bending them to the earth. Will viewed it all with trembling. "What if the river should rise? Would the unfinished bridge stand the strain?" The rain came down in shrieking torrents stinging the river into fury. "She's rising!" went the word among the men. With blanched cheeks and clenched hands Will saw the mad-dened waters swirling under the bridge, but it stood firm as a rock. Suddenly the whole sky seemed to blaze into fire, the thunder roared in their very ears and the clouds rolled and squirmed as if they were

in a mammoth churn. "A cloud-burst! a cloud-burst!" yelled the men to one another. Will shouted out orders in a voice that sounded clear above the storm. Car after car of gravel was run out on the bridge to anchor it. "If the last arch stands the strain," thought Will, "she will hold; that's the only weak point." The waters were rising now in leaps and hissed along at a frightful speed, eating huge gaps into the banks and bearing away tree after tree on their seething bosom. "There she comes!" shouted some one. All eyes were turned upstream. Through the rain-darkened air could be seen a tumbling wall of waters drowning every other sound in its roar. On and on the waters came, their muddy front bristling with uprooted trees and black upshapely stumps. With a wild lunge they leaped upon the bridge, and a tremor ran along it as the angry flood swirled around the girders. Will, his eyes wide staring at the last arch, held his breath. Was he deceived? Shielding his eyes with his hands he peered out into the stream. "My God, it is giving!" It had sunk a little, but that was enough. In the excitement the gravel-cars had not been braked, and now two of them began to move over the span. Will saw the mistake but it was too late. The cars crept on and with one mighty splash were swallowed from sight by the hungry waters. The last arch, thus weakened, stood trembling for a moment, then there was a snapping of steel, and it pitched over into the flood. The impetus with which it was wrenched away loosened the remainder of the bridge, it swayed and staggered like a drunken man, the cars rolled off and it too sank from sight. Will viewed the wreck with dismay, his heart beating wildly within him as he saw the bridge swept away and he knew his fortune was swept away with it.

*(Concluded in the next number.)*

J. COLL, C. Ss. R.

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### THE UNBROKEN CHAIN

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No church can be the true Church if it be not one, that is, if it hold not one doctrine and one faith. "One Faith, one baptism, one God," says St. Paul (Eph. IV, 4). Hence no Church that permits contradictory doctrines can be the one true Church. . . . To prove then which is the true Church of the New Testament, we must consider how the Church as founded immediately by Christ was consti-



tuted. For if we have found this first Church we must admit that it is the only true Church. And if it was once true, it always remains and must remain the one true Church; for to *His* Church Christ promised that the gates of hell would not prevail against her, when He spoke to Peter these memorable words: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her" (Mt. XVI, 16). And for the same reason St. Paul writes to Timothy that the Church which was founded by Christ is the pillar and ground of truth. "These things I write to thee . . . that thou mayest know how thou oughtest to behave thyself in the house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth" (Tim. III, 15).

Consider then, how the Church as founded by Christ was constituted. Looking over the history of Christianity since that day, you will find no Church that goes back so far as the Catholic Church. On the contrary you will find that all the sects have gone forth from her, have separated from her.

The Catholic Church is that church which was preached by the Apostles and governed by them as its appointed shepherds, as St. Paul says: "And he gave some Apostles and some prophets and others some evangelists . . . for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ" (Eph. IV, 11-12).

It is in the Catholic Church alone that this character is found. For there is no doubt about it, that her shepherds descend by continuous, legitimate and perpetual succession from the Apostles, to whom Christ promised undying assistance. "I am with you," He said, "all days even to the consummation of the world" (Mt. XXVIII, 20). This it was that struck St. Irenæus, who lived in the second century, and made him say: "By this firmly established Church which has received the tradition and the Faith from the Apostles, and by the succession of Bishops from their day to our own, we put to shame all those who through blindness and bad will gather not with Christ". This it was that convinced St. Augustine in the fifth century: "What keeps me in the Church is the succession of Bishops, from St. Peter down to our own Bishop".

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

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Those who maintained that Mr. Tumulty is a Jesuit in disguise, can now triumphantly point out that the disguise is thorough all right.



	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Catholic Anecdotes</h2>	
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### A BRAVE LITTLE SOLDIER

A great surgeon from across the sea was visiting in a small southern city, and because he knew so much about some kinds of disease all of the hospitals and doctors within reach wanted his help.

One morning he was visiting, with a doctor, the different wards of a children's hospital. The morning was close and warm and the sky outside was heavy and gray, as if a storm might break at any minute.

The sick children were nervous and restless and fretful, while the crippled ones complained of everything and soon grew tired of books and pictures.

The hospital was not out in the green fields or down by the sea-shore, but right in the heart of the city, where low roofs and other houses and a strip of blue sky made up the outlook from the windows.

Even the house doctor and the nurses looked fagged out and tired and the great surgeon seemed depressed by it all.

"You've no business with a hospital down here in the city," he said sharply, "and especially a hospital for children!"

"Well, you mustn't blame me for that!" said the doctor irritably, and they might have gone on and said more that was quite as useless, only just then a wonderful mocking bird poured out his rich whistling song all through the dark building.

The surgeon stopped short and listened, and soft lights came into his steely blue eyes and little tender smiles began settling down on his rugged face. "A nightingale, here in this country?" he said wonderingly. "No, it must be your southern mocking bird that I've read so much about. How wonderful it is! It makes one believe in angels!"

"It's a little human bird," answered the doctor, with a tender softness in his voice. "That's our Little Soldier."

"A soldier in a children's hospital?" asked the surgeon. "I don't understand that."

"Well, you know there are two kinds of soldiers," said the doctor. "One kind wear bright uniforms with gold lace and shining swords and go marching off to war; and the others wear no uniforms at all, but just stay at home and face their duty every day as it comes along. Our Little Soldier is one of this kind."

Then the doctor led the way to where a small boy with a thin white face sat by an open window. One leg was all bound up in an iron brace and little twinges of pain now and then flew over his sensitive face, but a brave light shone out of his true blue eyes, and the most beautiful bird music came out of his little whistling throat.

The great surgeon tiptoed softly over to where the Little Soldier sat, and touching him gently on the arm said, "How do you do it, my lad?"

"Oh," said the boy, smiling as best he could, "it's the pain that makes me do it so much. You know when you are hurting very, very much you just can't be quiet, and if you don't whistle you have to groan, and whistling seems much braver, and then it's much nicer for other people who have to listen to you. On days when the leg doesn't hurt so much I can read to the other fellows in here or I can paint pictures, but when the pain is too bad I can't do anything but whistle or groan, and whistling seems better!"

Then the great surgeon from over seas threw his head back to keep some tears from spilling out of his steely blue eyes, and taking a small iron cross from the inside of his coat he stooped over and pinned it on the shabby little coat of the brave Little Soldier.

"There, my boy," he said tenderly, "there's the Cross of the Legion of Honor from my country. My king gave it to me for a trifling service, and I thought I was proud of it; but today I have met a man who shames my courage and deserves it more than I."

The Little Soldier said, "Thank you!" very sweetly, and then as the two men left the building they noticed the other children had quit fretting, and the house doctors and nurses were smiling or chatting good-naturedly together, while the golden music filled the place with happiness.

"It's always that way," said the doctor, with a little choke in his voice. "We are doing what we can for the little chap and hoping and praying for him to get well, but all we can do isn't half what he does for us."—*Francis McKinnon Morton, in S. S. Times.*

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### SOLDIER-PRIESTS HEROES ON FIGHTING FRONTS

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The *New York Sun* publishes the following correspondence from London under date of December 7:

"See him," said one grizzled Tommy to his young pal in khaki, pointing to an alert, clean-shaven man, who briskly passed in officer's uniform, save that the three stars denoting captain's rank were in black instead of gold.

"That's our padre, our chaplain, an R. C. he is; that's Roman Catholic. Ought to have the V. C.; that's what he ought to have."

"Why, what has he done?"

"Done!" ejaculated the other, with indignation. "Bloomin' more'n you or me, Bill; he's been out since the beginning like me, and when there's been anything doing he's right to the front doing his little bit and doing it well. Was wounded in the head by shrapnel some months ago. We were almost heartbroken, thought he was a goner, but bleeding as he was he would insist that he wasn't bad and those who were dying needed his attention. We had to drag him off to the hospital.

"The medicos made him take a leave of absence, but, bless you, he was back at the front in no time.

"One night we tried to make a little advance, but it didn't come off, and one of the boys was killed. His chum managed to crawl back wounded, and told the padre that the dead man was an R. C., and his last request was for a Christian burial.

"All right," said the padre; "give me a party." Half a dozen of us volunteered, and with trenching tools we crept out to the space between our own and the enemy trenches.

"Snipers were potting regularly, not that they could see us, but they were just potting away in the hope of hitting anybody that might be about.

"We dug down just deep enough to put the body in, then the padre said, 'That's all; I'll attend to the rest'. He being our superior officer, we had to obey. Then he stood up alone, pulled out his little electric torch, and with his back to the enemy trenches, started to read the burial service. The light that was thrown on the white pages must have sent a reflection that the snipers could see, for they started up a fusillade. He didn't flinch, but finished, and then filled the grave in.

"I was scared to death," he told us when he came back. "I wanted to quit, but after all I felt it was part of my job, and so I went through with it."

"He was with us in that advance on Loos. It's all right when you've got a rifle or something else in your hand, but he hadn't any-

thing except his prayerbook. Let me tell you, shells and bullets aren't particular, and they kill and hit a padre just as quickly as they do anything else. But he didn't mind tramping with us through the slush, and slipping over the soft bodies of those who were killed, and kneeling down to give absolution to those who were dying.

"I remember one horrible sight. It turned me sick, and I'm pretty well hardened by this time. But this poor fellow had one side of his head shot away. The horrible part was, he was still conscious. The padre managed to anoint him in a few seconds that life remained. The padre, I remember, looked pale. He told me afterwards that the nausea that came over him after that horrible sight was the hardest thing he had ever been obliged to overcome.

"But overcome it he did, and on he came, administering the last religious comforts to those in need. In that fight we thought we had lost him again. A 'Jack Johnson' burst and buried a lot of our fellows, including our padre. But in a few minutes we saw him digging his way out with a cheery, 'I'm all right,' and, thank God, he was.

"Another time when he was just behind the lines at a hospital and he was saying Mass, a shell exploded in one of the wards. Fortunately no one was killed. The padre went from bed to bed comforting everyone, and then calmly continued and finished the Mass."

This soldier's story of this one priest is only a typical instance of the thousands of tributes that all soldiers pay to the endurance and devotion of the humble priest.

There is no dissenting voice, and the priests have won unstinted admiration and respect for themselves as men and for their office.

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### HOW FAR LOVE CAN GO

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The freight boat had struck a submarine rock, and was hopelessly lost. There was but one woman on board, the captain's wife. He took her in his strong arms, and dropped her in a small boat, then placed her infant in her arms, and pushed the boat away from the sinking ship. It was none too soon, for the next moment it gave a great lurch forward, and disappeared beneath the waves. The captain believed it his duty to stay with the ship to the last, and there was no time to seek out a trusty sailor to accompany his wife, so she was left

alone with her infant upon the desert ocean. Not a particle of food was in the boat, and after passing two days in hunger and thirst, she had no longer any nourishment for her child. The boat floated on, until at last it was sighted by a passing ship. Strong hands lifted the mother and child from what had almost become their floating coffin. The mother was in a dead swoon, but the babe was full of life and action. At first they were at a loss to account for this, for they thought the strong woman should be able to bear more privations than the helpless infant. Soon their wonder ceased, only to give way to admiration and awe. When the mother was no longer able to give milk to her child, she had cut a blood-vessel in her arm, and had thus nourished the child until assistance came. For the mother, assistance came too late—she never recovered consciousness, but the child was saved.

When the fact was published that this mother so loved her child that she gave her blood to nourish it the world could not find language sufficiently strong to praise her heroism. Jesus Christ so loves us, (not His children, but His enemies and His murderers) that He gives His blood to be our drink, and how many of us never so much as give it a thought!

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### NOT FOR A THOUSAND DOLLARS

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When Right Rev. Ferdinand Brossart, Bishop-Elect of Covington, Kentucky, was pastor of Lexington in that state during the late seventies, the town was visited by a virulent small-pox epidemic. In an effort to stem the spread of the disease, the city established an isolation hospital, two miles out in the country, and in this were housed 27 hopeless patients, all victims of that most loathsome form of disease, black small-pox. There was not a Catholic among them, but, when they felt the near approach of death, they cried for spiritual relief. The attending physician, Doctor Taylor, himself a convert, set out to seek a minister. He made the rounds of the town and called upon every Protestant clergyman in Lexington, but none of these would risk a visit to the pest house. The physician then returned to his patients and told them of the failure of his mission. The poor creatures begged him to try the Catholic priest; and the doctor called upon Father Brossart, then pastor of St. Paul's church, and explained the pitiable situation. The young priest mounted his horse at once and

started on the mission of mercy. He arrived at the hospital and was met by the warden. When that official learned that he came to visit the victims of the black small-pox, he exclaimed in amazement: "Father Brossart, I wouldn't go into that place for a thousand dollars!" "Nor would I—for a thousand dollars," replied the priest; "but if any good can be done for the salvation of an immortal soul I'll go." And go he did, after taking the necessary precautions against spreading the disease after his return to the city. On entering the pest house, he found the 27 stricken men and women lying upon their cots, most of them perilously near death's door. So glad were they to see him, that in their joy they grasped his arm, kissed his hand, and even tried to embrace him. He worked with feverish anxiety and rapidity, fearful lest for some he might be too late. By two in the morning his labor of love was finished; he had hurriedly instructed his neophytes as best he could, administered to them the saving sacraments of Baptism, Penance, and Extreme Unction, and comforted them with the solacing consideration of our holy religion. All of them died, but the heroic young priest had the sweet satisfaction of having helped them to meet their God with confident faith in the saving merits of our dear Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.—*True Voice.*

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Those Catholics who believe that Our Lord remains day and night in the Blessed Sacrament in our churches for love of them, and yet go to receive Him only when they are driven to it once a year by the threat of excommunication, have no sense of humor, or they could not look so serious when saying every night: "My God, I love Thee with my whole heart".

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I feel no care of coin,  
Well-doing is my wealth,  
My mind to me an empire is,  
While grace affordeth health.

Spare diet is my fare,  
My clothes more fit than fine;  
I know I feed and clothe a foe  
That pampered would repine.

—*Robert Southwell.*

	<b>Pointed Paragraphs</b>	
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### THEY SIN AGAINST THE LIGHT

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Arthur Schopenhauer was born Feb. 22nd, 1788. Early in life, his ungovernable pride took the form of a so-called philosophy that rejected the God of Christianity and all revealed religion. On one occasion, while suffering from a serious and painful malady, he was heard to cry out in the paroxysms of pain:

"My God! My God!"

An acquaintance of his, a Priest, happened to overhear these words.

"I thought, Mr. Schopenhauer," he said, "that 'Philosophy' did not believe in the existence of our God."

"Philosophy," said Schopenhauer, impatiently, "philosophy is worthless to a man as sick as I am!"

The sick man recovered, but at once took up his irreligious writing as before his illness. The Priest met him one day, and reminded him of what he had said during his sickness. Schopenhauer grew angry.

"Don't talk to me about your God," he said; "philosophy has no need of your God."

How truly has the apostle, St. Paul, said of the unbeliever: "Because when they knew God, they have not glorified Him as God . . . . but became vain in their thoughts, and their foolish heart was darkened. For professing themselves to be wise they became fools." Rom. I, 21.

### FOUGHT FOR A FOOT-PRINT

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In days long gone by a being of matchless beauty passed through the world, and left one single foot-print upon the sands. From that day to this kings and peoples have fought and bled to gain possession of that foot-print.

Is this not an idle tale? No, it is simple truth. The Being of matchless beauty is God. He created the world; and this world, with all the beauty and wealth that it contains or produces, is nothing more, says, St. Augustine, than God's foot-print. And it is to gain possession of at least some little part of this foot-print that well-nigh all disputes,



all wars, all the thoughts and labors of men have been directed. Since a mere foot-print of the Infinite and Eternal Beauty is so lovely and desirable, what must this Beauty itself not be.

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### RECRUITING IN THE UNITED STATES

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Recruits have come in by the thousands during the month of January. I speak not of men banding together to perfect themselves in the unhappy (even though necessary) art of killing other men. I speak of that army of Catholic men, called the Society of the Holy Name of Jesus, which received a new increase in numbers and enthusiasm on the occasion of the feast of the Holy Name, January 2. These soldiers band together to fight no human foe, but to make war on the unclean spirits that are plotting the ruin of mankind. These soldiers swear fidelity to a leader who is the Lord of Armies and the Prince of Peace. They pledge themselves to imitate His example, who is the noblest model of true manhood—to champion His divinity against the enemies who deny His existence, or the false friends, who, while extolling His transcendent qualities as man, try to forget that He is God. Those soldiers unite in a world-wide crusade against the abuse of His Holy Name by blasphemy and obscene language. Their only weapons are moral courage and spotless example; their munitions of war, loyal hearts and trust in God.

The Society of the Holy Name of Jesus has no social functions; it carries no sick benefit nor insurance fund; it offers no business advantages. It is simply and solely a society for the fostering of solid Catholic piety. And the fact that its membership in this country is nearing the million mark is one of the best proofs of the sterling qualities of our American Catholic men. May the Name of Jesus be forever blessed! May the Society of the Holy Name prosper and increase!

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### FLOWERS CULLED FROM A STATE UNIVERSITY

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It may have been mere idle curiosity, but I did it anyway. I glanced through a few issues of the monthly periodical published by the students of a well-known State university. What did I find? Open ridicule of the professors, open defiance of the authorities of the institution, open advocacy of infidelity and immorality. These subjects constituted, what might be termed, the regular courses of this intel-



tectual banquet. The dessert and side dishes were made up of jokes, which were always coarse, sometimes puerile, and more often indecent. The contributors were the young women students as well as the young men.

I leave my readers to imagine what high ideals, what Christian principles, the youths and maidens who had studied (?) in this institution will carry through life. I leave the taxpayers to console themselves with the consideration that half what they pay to the state is devoted to this noble purpose. I leave all thinking men to ponder on this striking example of what must necessarily result from a system of education that ignores the chief end of education—the formation of the soul.

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#### BILLY SUNDAY APPROVED?

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Some of our beloved brethren, who obtain all their Church news from the daily press, are not a little disturbed in their minds because Cardinal Gibbons has approved the religious campaign of Billy Sunday. They are trying hard to explain to themselves and to their neighbors how a Cardinal can approve of any religious preaching that is not Catholic. It is true that every Catholic paper in the country has contradicted the false report and showed that the Cardinal did nothing of the kind, but these assurances have not penetrated into the perturbed souls of the good people who never read a Catholic paper. They will probably settle the difficulty by taking another step forward in that broad religious indifference (tolerance, they call it) which marks the Catholics who confine their literary activity to the daily press.

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#### MASS SUSPENDED IN ST. PETER'S

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On January 4, a certain Antonio Giovanolo attempted suicide in St. Peter's, Rome, and the celebration of Holy Mass in the basilica had to be suspended until the ceremony of reconciliation could be performed.

Several of our readers who saw this item in the daily papers are curious to know the mode of procedure prescribed by the Church in cases of this kind. I shall give a brief explanation. First of all, as an ordinary rule, it is not allowed to offer up this adorable Sacrifice of the Mass except in churches or oratories that have been consecrated

by the bishop or at least blessed and set aside for purposes of divine worship. I say, "as an ordinary rule", for in extraordinary circumstances, as, for example, during war, the bishop is empowered to allow his priests to say mass in other places. Once a church has been consecrated, it does not lose its consecration unless the greater part of its walls have been torn down or otherwise destroyed, for the walls, not the roof or floor, are consecrated. However a consecrated church can, without losing its consecration, be "polluted", and thus rendered unfit for divine worship. A church is "polluted", if within it a murder is committed, or a grave sin against holy purity is consummated, or a copious flow of human blood is unjustly caused, or an unbaptized person or a person affected with major censure is buried. If one of these four crimes has been committed within a church, and the fact is generally known or likely to become generally known, that church is considered "polluted", and all priests are forbidden, under pain of mortal sin, to say Mass within it until it has been duly reconciled. This reconciliation is a special ceremony wherein the bishop sprinkles the church with water mixed with wine, ashes, and salt, which he has previously blessed for this purpose.

This is but one of many examples of how Holy Mother Church watches with jealous care over the sanctity of the place where the Spotless Victim is offered up for the sins of the world.

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### PATCHING BROKEN RESOLUTIONS

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Broke your New Year's resolution already, did you? Well, that's not so bad. It was hardly to be expected that your will would be so invariably firm and constant as to prevent you from ever falling back again, even in a moment of weakness, into that old habit of sin.

How did you act when you broke your resolution? Became discouraged and said, there's no use in trying! Ah, that was bad! Far worse than breaking the resolution itself! It shows that you are proud—that you were relying on self more than on God for the keeping of your good resolution.

What should you have done? You should have humbled yourself before God the moment you fell. You should have said: "My God, this shows how weak and miserable I am when I depend on my own strength. Teach me, O Lord, to put all my trust in Thee." You should

have made a sincere act of contrition for your unfaithfulness. You should have renewed your good resolution at once and begged God to help you to keep it. Act in this way every time you fall, and your very falls will make you more dear to God.

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### ST. GERARD'S POOR

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The thousands who have received special favors through the intercession of St. Gerard will read what follows with interest. A year ago a few good Catholic women in Seattle banded together to sew for the poor and chose the name, "St. Gerard's Society". The name and the work attracted new members, and now at the end of the first year of the society's existence, they can point to large numbers of the poor who have been, not only clothed, but fed and cared for by these clients of St. Gerard. Those who are grateful to the saint for favors received will never be able to find a way of expressing their gratitude more pleasing to the saint than by caring for the poor whom he loved so well.

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### FORD VS. PRAYER

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Would you expect to find a writer in one of the most widely circulated periodicals in this country (or in the world for that matter) lacking the knowledge of a seven-year-old child on one of the simple, rudimentary truths of human existence? Would you expect him to select that very point, upon which he was so densely ignorant, as the subject of an article for two million readers? Would you expect him to set himself up as a teacher and master to chide the people for their conduct in regard to that matter? Would you expect the editor of such a widely read magazine to permit this thing? You would not expect it? Well, the unexpected has happened!

Last month, by the sufferance of the editor of such a periodical, such a writer, mighty in his colossal ignorance, had the impudence to put on absolute equality two recent attempts to bring about peace in Europe: on the one hand, the inane voyage of Henry Ford, who believed that, by his own feeble powers, he could stop the most stupendous war in the history of the world; on the other hand, the day of prayer whereon every true Christian in the land offered us supplications to the All-powerful Ruler of heaven and earth, beseeching Him to look with mercy upon the sinful world and put a stop to the carnage.

Our wise writer coolly told his two million readers that the "day of prayer" was as foolish and ineffectual as the "Ford peace party", that, just as Ford's farcical attempt was to be attributed to ignorance of the interests and prejudices of the warring nations, so too was the idea of praying for peace.

This writer, who set himself to teach two million people, is ignorant of that most rudimentary fact that it is right and profitable for the creature to pray to the Creator for anything that is not bad. He is ignorant of the fact that the God who made the human heart, can, at will, move the hearts of rulers and peoples to desist from their evil courses. He is ignorant of the fact that no true prayer is ever offered to God in vain, for God will either grant the very thing for which we ask or something else that, in His infinite wisdom, He knows to be better for us. He is ignorant of the fact that no knowledge of past or present events is required for salutary prayer, prayer for peace not excepted, and that the poor peasant woman is in as good condition to pray with fruit to the Father of All as the expert student with his intimate knowledge of the interests and prejudices of all peoples and nations. Such writers, by their ignorant blasphemies, do more to rouse the anger of a just God and prevent Him from putting an end to the world conflict than all the "war lords" of Europe.

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### STILL THE ROMAN QUESTION

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An Italian loves his country as well as a German loves "das Vaterland" or a Frenchman, "La Patrie". That love was not overlooked by the enemies of the Church in baiting a trap for the Holy Father. Not that they hoped that the Holy Father would on account of his Italian love of country in the slightest degree fail against his duty of impartiality as "Father of the all the Faithful". They knew the greatness of the man too well to expect that. What they hoped to do was to play indirectly on the people's love of country, and their love of the onism, treated the Pope with all possible consideration, especially in the difficult diplomatic crisis arising out of the war. Then they veered round and announced that the Pope, in his gratitude, admitted that he was better off thus, under the protection of the Italian government, than he would be as independent sovereign of the Papal states (which were robbed from him by the Italian government in 1870). The crafty

schemers believed that the Holy Father would not dare to contradict this statement, so flattering to patriotic Italians, at a time when their love of country was wrought to frenzy by the war. If the Pope would not contradict the report, it would be equal to a withdrawal of the protests against the usurpation of the Papal states, which protests have been solemnly made by every Pope, to shear the pretenders of any shadow of claim to the usurped property on the ground of prescription. But, just as Pope Clement VII would not sacrifice one iota of right, even to save to the Church the English nation under Henry VIII, so too his worthy successor, Benedict XV, defied the anger of his own nation, rejected the appeals of race and blood, and in the public address which he made to the newly-named cardinals, once more protested against the seizure of the Papal states, and pointed out how, at the very outbreak of the war, the German and Austrian ambassadors to the Holy See were constrained to leave, and thus the Pope was deprived of an agency absolutely necessary in his relations with the Catholics of those countries.

The Italian retorted with an official declaration that the German and Austrian ambassadors to the Holy See were not constrained to leave—that they were expressly told that they might stay and carry on negotiations between the Pope and their respective countries. They would even be allowed to send cipher messages to Germany and Austria, but, as a safeguard for Italy, the Pope would be obliged to inspect these messages and be responsible for them.

To this retort the Pope, in a dignified answer, showed how no ambassador could, in consonance with his office, submit to the very person whose conduct he was sent to watch and report upon, the diplomatic messages intended for his own home government, and therefore that in the very fact of obliging the ambassadors of the enemy country to submit their messages to the Pope, the Italian government constrained them to leave the country.

Thus did the Holy Father, by his fearlessness and watchfulness, avoid the trap set by his enemies.

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Two weeks after Christmas we celebrated the feast of the Wise Men. However, let no one think that Holy Church is getting personal. She does not refer this celebration to the Wise Men who, after putting a nickel in the box themselves, criticise the pastor for the way he disposes of his Christmas collection.

	<b>Catholic Events</b>	
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The Holy Father has decided to postpone the cannonization of Joan of Arc until after the war, lest it should in any way appear to conflict with the neutrality which he wishes to maintain towards all nations engaged in the present struggle.

\* \* \*

Great uneasiness is felt regarding the fate of Msgr. Camassei, Patriarch of Jerusalem, who has not been heard from for six months. On account of the military operations in the neighborhood of Jerusalem, all communications with that city have been cut off.

\* \* \*

Cardinal Gibbons declared that the sermon he preached on Jan. 2, will be the last he will preach for many months and perhaps forever in the Baltimore cathedral, where he had been accustomed to preach once a month to great crowds of all denominations. His health will not stand the strain.

\* \* \*

By a decree, dated Nov. 16, 1915, Pope Benedict has empowered the Bishops of the world to allow the invocation, "Queen of Peace, Pray for us," to be added to the Litany of the Blessed Virgin until the end of the war.

\* \* \*

John McCormack gave a concert for the benefit of the new clubhouse of the Knights of Columbus in New York. The concert netted \$11,000.

\* \* \*

Representatives of 20 Protestant religions met at Garden City, New York, last month to discuss church unity. They had sent a letter to the Pope. His reply, sent through Cardinal Gasparri, was read at the congress and received with applause. He told them that he was praying for the success of their labors, and that he earnestly hoped that their investigations would lead them to the true Christian unity which is found only in obedience to Christ's Vicar on earth.

\* \* \*

The American Citizen, an anti-Catholic paper, next in circulation to the Menace, published in Rochester, N. Y., has been attacked by the sheriff on account of overdue rent. The sheriff had to hunt for some time before he found the chattels which had been already packed away in a box car ready for shipment.

At a recent debate in College Theater, New York, between St. Xavier's and the Stuyvestant Public High School, the verdict was given by unanimous vote to the Catholic school.

\* \* \*

The Holy Father has created, what we would call, a new committee, in his senate of cardinals to look after the education of all young men in the entire world who are studying for the priesthood. Such committees are, in the language of the Church, called Sacred Congregations.

\* \* \*

The Holy Name services held at the cathedral of Chicago, Jan. 2, were attended by 1,700 members.

\* \* \*

The Baroness Lovat has entered the convent at Harrow-on-the-Hill, England, to become a Visitation nun.

\* \* \*

The Grey Nuns at Montreal have opened a hospital where they will at their own cost care for wounded soldiers returned from the front. They are the same nuns who, last winter, won such admiration by their care of the unemployed.

\* \* \*

A schismatical body, known as "The Old Catholic Church," has existed in England for some years past. Archbishop Mathew, the leader, has announced his unconditional submission to the Pope. Several schismatical bishops and priests have followed him in his conversion.

\* \* \*

Protestant wealth is being poured into Texas and other southern states to build schools where the little Mexicans will be robbed of their faith. Catholic missionaries are doing yeoman work to counteract this danger. Catholics could do nothing better to show their gratitude for their Catholic training than to contribute to this good work.

\* \* \*

Hard upon the news of the death of Right Rev. John Stariha, the retired first Bishop of Lead, South Dakota, comes the report that two other American bishops have died, Right Rev. Richard Scannell, Bishop of Omaha, and Right Rev. Thos. Doran, Auxillary Bishop of Providence.

\* \* \*

Pope Pius' only brother, Angelo Sarto, who was postmaster of the little Italian town of Grazie, died Jan. 10.

\* \* \*

A great Catholic Congress, the first in this country is to be held in New York next August.



Father Duff, of Greenville, S. C., has been appointed to fill the naval chaplaincy left vacant by the death of Father Reany.

\* \* \*

The Knights of Columbus are remaining true to their well-known progressive spirit. One of the latest reports tells of the splendid new club house which they have begun to build in Galveston, Texas.

\* \* \*

Many Italian Bishops had the children of their diocese receive Holy Communion on Christmas Day for a speedy peace. When the Holy Father heard of this he evinced great pleasure and expressed a wish that the example of these bishops be imitated throughout the entire world, for, he said, God would surely hear the prayers of so many innocent children praying in unity for the boon of peace.

\* \* \*

We ask the prayers of our readers for the repose of the soul of Father William McMahon, the late editor of the *Catholic Universe* of Cleveland who died Dec. 22. For more than 20 years he edited and managed the paper. One who has done so much for the best interests of his fellowmen should not be forgotten when perhaps he is calling for charitable help from purgatory.

\* \* \*

When Archbishop Mundelein comes to Chicago, says the *Western World*, 800 priests will marshal the army he will command, the bells of 350 churches will announce the hour of his installation, 120,000 students and pupils in Catholic academies and parochial schools will greet him; 1,125,000 Catholics will bid him welcome, and their welcome will be spoken in 25 tongues.

\* \* \*

The largest negro parish in the country is that of St. Benedict the Moor, New York. Father Burke, one of the pastors, was created a Monsignor by Pope Pius X in recognition of his untiring labors for the salvation of the Negro. The pamphlet, "*Our Colored Missions*," will henceforth be published monthly. The income derived therefrom, as well as all other charitable contributions, will be devoted to the building of churches and supplying of Catholic teachers to the negroes throughout the country. All who wish to help towards the conversion of these abandoned souls should address Monsignor John E. Burke, No. 1 Madison Ave., New York.

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A new province of the Franciscian Fathers has been created. It includes the states of California, Washington, Arizona, and New Mexico.

	<b>The Liguorian Question Box</b>	
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(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.  
Sign Questions with name and address.)

*How man Catholics are there in the world? How many bishops in the United States?*

According to the *Annuario Ecclesiastico* of 1914 there are in the world 304,673,866 Catholics. Of course this figure is only approximate. There are one hundred and three Bishopricks in the United States.

*If I do not say my penance after confession, does that make my confession bad?*

If you merely forget to perform the penance imposed on you, no sin is committed. If after confession you deliberately omit to perform a grave penance, that is, one imposed for mortal sins, you thereby commit a mortal sin. The deliberate omission of a light penance is a venial sin. In the foregoing cases the confession itself is not made invalid by the omission of the penance. But if, during your confession, you would resolve to omit the grave penance that the confessor might impose on you, you would thereby make your confession invalid, for you would be resolving to commit a fresh mortal sin, and would thus give proof of not having true contrition which is an essential part of confession.

*What is the Law of Guarantees that I see mentioned in the papers in connection with the Pope?*

It is a law passed by the Italian Parliament in 1871 and purporting to guarantee certain rights to the Holy Father and to regulate the relations of Church and State in Italy. The Italian Government had just invaded the rights of the Holy Father, robbed him of his temporal possessions and made him a prisoner in the Vatican. Evidently not much faith could be put in their law of guarantees. As a matter of fact it has proved to be more or less of a farce, has not at all protected the Holy Father from injury and insult, has been violated by the government that passed it and has been repudiated by the Holy Father who refuses to recognize in the Italian Parliament the source of any of his rights or prerogatives.

*What is the difference between a priest and a monk?*

A priest is a man who through the Sacrament of Holy Orders has received power to change bread and wine into the Body and Blood of Jesus Christ and to forgive sins. The word monk is not commonly used in the official language of the Church and hence its meaning is not so clearly defined. In general it may be said that a monk is a member of an order of men living a more or less contemplative life apart from the world with a particular rule and with the solemn vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience. The Benedictines, Cisterians, Trappists, Carthusians, Premonstratensians and Camaldolese are monks. The Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites and Jesuits are ordinarily not called monks because their vocation does not permit them to live apart from their fellow-men. Religious who, like Redemptorists, do not take solemn but only simple vows, are not monks. In olden times a man might be a monk without being a priest; now a monk is also a priest; members of the secular clergy are priests but not monks.

*What is the meaning of the letters "t. o. r." after a priest's name?*

The letters "t. o. r." are an abbreviation for Latin words that mean "of the third order regular (of St. Francis)".

*If I tell only venial sins at Confession and have not a firm purpose to avoid them for the future, is my confession bad?*

If you confess only venial sins, and if you have no firm purpose to avoid at least one of the venial sins you confess, then your confession is bad. A firm purpose of amendment is an essential part of the Sacrament of Confession and in the case in question you have no firm purpose of amendment at all. Since there is always danger that this necessary firm purpose may be lacking in regard to venial sins, you ought always to include a mortal sin of your past life for which you are surely sorry and which you are surely determined to avoid for the future.

You will thus avoid the danger of making a bad confession.

*May a Catholic girl propose during leap year?*

Surely. Why not, if she has something worth proposing to?

*If I go to a moving picture show Saturday night after having gone to Confession, may I go to Communion the next morning?*

There is nothing wrong in attending a moving picture show when you are sure the pictures will not represent anything wrong or dangerous; hence, in such a case, there is no reason why you may not go to Communion the next morning. Unfortunately it is still possible to find shows in our cities which a good Catholic cannot attend without sully his conscience and feeling the need of another confession before receiving Holy Communion.

*Is it necessary to have prayer books, crucifixes, etc., blessed by the priest?*

There is no obligation to have pious articles blessed; it is advisable, however, since the blessing is the Church's prayer to Almighty God for the persons using the articles that are blessed.

*1. Why do we make genuflections in church? 2. What are the gifts of the Holy Ghost?*

1. In honor of our divine Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. This is always done in passing before the tabernacle where the Blessed Sacrament is reserved. If the Blessed Sacrament is exposed the genuflection is made with both knees. It is frequently used by the priest in the Mass and by all the faithful at the mention of the Incarnation in the Creed. 2. Gifts of the Holy Ghost are seven; Wisdom, Understanding, Counsel, Fortitude, Knowledge, Piety, the Fear of the Lord (Is. xl, 2, 3).

*Does the Lutheran Catechism really teach that the Lutherans receive the real body and blood of Christ in their Communion?*

There are so many shades of belief found among the Lutherans that it is difficult to state just what any individual or group of individuals believe. The Orthodox Lutherans, who hold fast to the Augsburg Confessions, Luther's Catechism, etc., believe that they have the body and blood of Christ in the Lord's supper. On this point, however, their doctrine is not the same

as that of the Catholic Church. They believe that the substance of Christ's body exists together with the substance of the wine in some sort of a mysterious union. This is not the same as believing that the substance of the bread is changed into the substance of Christ's body and the substance of the wine is changed into the substance of His blood.

*Why can confirmation be received only once?*

Confirmation imprints upon the soul an indelible character, on account of which it can never be repeated. Sin does not efface it, and all its graces revive on true repentance.

*What do the letters A. M. D. G. stand for?*

Ad majorem Dei gloriam, which translated, reads: for the greater glory of God.

*What are the promises made by our Lord to blessed Margaret Mary, for those who spread devotion to His Sacred Heart?*

The promises are as follows: 1. I will give them all the graces necessary for their salvation. 2. I will give peace in their families. 3. I will console them in all their troubles. 4. I will be their assured refuge during life, and especially in death. 5. I will pour abundant blessings on all their undertakings. 6. Sinners shall find in My Heart the source and infinite ocean of mercy. 7. Tepid souls shall become fervent. 8. Fervent souls shall be specially elevated to a great perfection. 9. I will bless the houses where the representation of My Sacred Heart shall be exposed and honored. 10. I will give to priests the grace to touch the most hardened hearts. 11. Those who shall propagate this devotion shall have their names written on My Heart, never to be effaced.

*Is it always wrong to believe in superstitious things and practices?*

Yes, it is always sinful to believe in superstitious things or practices. If they are only a matter of play or fun, without any belief in them, they may escape being sinful, but belief in them is always a sin.

*Why do the Jews not eat pork?*

The Jews still follow the Mosaic law, which forbids pork as food. In the Christian dispensation this law was abolished.

	Some Good Books	
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*The Mother of My Lord*, or an explanation of the Hail Mary. By Ferreol Girardey, C. Ss. R. The object of this book is two fold; first, to set forth most clearly the Divine Maternity of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and secondly, to point out the fact that it was God Himself who set us the example to honor her. From these two points the author rightly concludes that we cannot honor her too much, whom God chose to be the Mother of His Divine Son and to co-operate with Him in the work of the Redemption and salvation, and that all the honor the Catholic Church bestows on her is only the fulfilment of Mary's prophesy: Behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed, because He that is mighty hath done great things to me" (Luke I, 48-49). To enhance and corroborate his explanations and proofs, the author has added some fine "selections" from standard authors on kindred subjects. The devout clients of Our Lady will find the book well adapted for spiritual reading and meditation during the month of May and on her principal Feasts. It is a book of 200 pages, published by B. Herder and sells for 75c.

The many friends of the "Little Flower" will find the handsome little volume *Thoughts of Soeur Therese of the Child Jesus* interesting, even charming. The publishers, P. J. Kenedy & Sons, have done their part in clothing the "Thoughts" in a volume of neatness and taste characteristic of the firm. The selections are taken from "Histoire d'une Ame," "Letters" and "Reminiscences" and give us a beautiful picture of the saintly soul's charming simplicity, unsullied innocence and ardent charity which made her so dear to God and man. Price, 60c.

The Bishop of Tournay complaining of the mere external assistance of some at the services of the Church says: "The best means of making this service interior is to place in the hands of the faithful the Missal, the Vesperal, the prayers and praises which the Church offers to God. And thus

the faithful shall be united with the priest who celebrates or officiates and who is the representative of Holy Church and of Our Saviour Jesus Christ. He shall pray with the priest and as the priest prays, he shall taste the marvels and sweetness contained in the too little known treasury of the Liturgy". The movement is already commenced to supply this need to the faithful. Benziger Bros. and Herder publish the Missal in English and there has come to us *The Mass According to the Missal* published by the Home Press. This little liturgical prayer-book is just the thing for those who fear that the complicated rubrics of the complete Missal would confuse them. It costs \$0.50 and \$1.00.

*Chaff and Wheat* is Rev. Francis Donnelly's companion volume to *Mustard Seed*. There is to be found in the little volume "much wholesome wheat". Those who enjoyed these wholesome thoughts when appearing in the "America" will feel grateful to the Reverend Author for giving them this permanent form. There is no doubt that the author will see his desires fulfilled for there is no reason why Chaff and Wheat will not receive the welcome of its predecessor. The volume is neatly published by P. J. Kenedy & Sons. Price, 60c.

The Brothers of Mary with their many years of world-wide experience in teaching Catholic youth are well fitted to know the requirements of a good model textbook. Brother Gustavus has just published an ideal work of this kind: "*History of the Catholic Church*." Its clear orderly style, its notes, its references, its topical outlines—all are most conducive to aid the memory and to make this important study both interesting and thorough. The book will remove a difficulty often pleaded against the introduction of Church History in our schools and colleges, and incidentally bring to Catholic homes a knowledge they so frequently lack. It is published by The Brothers of Chaminade College, Clayton, Mo.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Lucid Intervals</h2>	
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"'Liza, what fo' you' buy dat udder box of shoe-blacknin'?"

"Go on, nigga', dat ain't shoe-blacknin', dat's ma massage cream!"

Jean longed for a kitten. When illness made it necessary for Jean to go to the hospital, her mother said:

"I will make a bargain with you, Jean. If you will be a brave little girl about your operation, you shall have the nicest kitten I can find."

Jean took the ether, but later, as she came out from under the anesthetic, she realized how very wretched she felt.

The nurse leaned over to catch her first spoken word.

"What a bum way to get a cat!" moaned the child.

She—I gave Rover one of my doughnuts today, and what do you suppose he did with it?

He—I don't know. Did he eat it?

She—No; he took it out into the garden and buried it.

He—No! Really! And yet they say dogs have no reasoning powers!

The wind playfully carried into a nearby yard the hat of A. J. Brewster of Syracuse who is very near-sighted. Every time he thought he surely had the hat, it frolicked away. The woman of the house, seeing him running about, asked what he wanted. He explained that he was chasing his hat, whereupon the woman answered: "But you're not chasing a hat; that's our little black hen."

Five-year-old Willie often played with a neighbor boy, John. One rainy day the two were just starting across the clean kitchen floor at Willie's home when the latter's mother, noting their muddy shoes, headed them off and sent them out to play on the porch where the following conversation took place:

"My mother don't care how much I run over the kitchen floor," said John.

There was a long interval of silence. Then Willie said: "I wish I had a nice dirty mother like you've got."

A teacher in a South Boston school one day had a grimy little urchin hand her this "excuse" written on the fly-leaf from some book:

"Friend Teecher, excsooze absints of my sun yistiday. The lady in the ten-nymint below mine offered him ten sents to wheal her Baby out wile she attendid the phuneral of a lady friend and as she dont offen git out or have much injoyment being sickly I let my sun oblidge her and at the same Time urn ten sents so he was not there yistiday afternoon. Pleze excsooze."

"My dear," said Mr. Hawkins to his better half the other evening, "do you know that you have one of the best voices in the world?"

"Indeed!" replied the delighted Mrs. Hawkins, with a flush of pride at the compliment. "Do you really think so?"

"I certainly do," continued the heartless husband, "otherwise it would have been worn out long ago."

Wife—Have you shut up everything for the night?

Husband (meekly)—I'm sorry to say, dear, that I haven't.

"Pa," said little Jimmie, "I was very near getting to the head of my class today."

"How was that, Jimmie?"

"Why, a big word came all the way down to me, and if I could only have spelt it I should have gone clear up."

Mike—How much farther does the soign say it is to Noo Yor-rk, Patsey?

Pat—Twinty moiles.

Mike—Well, that's only tin moiles apiece.

Aunt Amandy—Hain't yew ashamed ter kum around here beggin'?

Onniz Way—Well, dis ain't a werry 'risterkratic neighborhood, fer a fact, but we mustn't be too pertickler, mum.

Mrs. Dents (at the ball-game) excitedly—"Isn't our pitcher perfectly grand, Tyrus? He hits the club nearly every throw."

